

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

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There is quite a number of great days in the Bible, such as the day when God created the heavens and the earth; the day when Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden; the day when God appeared unto the children of Israel on Mt. Sinai in a cloud of fire, smoke and earthquake mutterings; the day when Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still; the day when Judah was carried away into captivity; the day when Christ was born, and the day when he was crucified, when the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom and darkness was over the earth; but the last and greatest of all days is the great judgment day, of which I shall endeavor to write about. A day which interests us all; a day which will be more terrible than all the days that we have ever read about, if they were all put together. Some say that such a thing as a judgment day is but an idle dream; great numbers laugh and scoff at the idea, but they are like those that scoff at the idea of the earth turning on its axis, though they do not believe it, yet it turns just the same. So with that great day. It is coming with an irresistible sweep. Let us take a view of the world just before the judgment day. As we look over a portion of it, we see the beautiful sun shining, the earth is robed in richest loveliness, tinged with beauty's fairest dyes, we hear the sweet voices of the birds, we smell the sweet fragrance of the flowers, and the balmy winds from the south. Now we look on the other portion of the world and we see every thing is hushed and silent, the silvery moon floats through the blue sky in all its queenly beauty, surrounded by myriads of planets in their glory. We see the little rivulet as it flows down from the mountain in its playfulness, all seem to be happy. We look into the cities, we see the midnight suppers, gayeties, intoxication, revelry, robbery and all the vices in full blast. Ah! little do they think that their doom is sealed, that the hour is approaching when they will be spectators of that great and final day. We look over the world and we see tall white stones marking where the regions of the silent dead are sleeping. Little do we realize that in a short time those graves will be opened. But what is happening? The mind is abating. I hear low whisperings as if there were overshadowing presence of spirits, the dawning of immortal life.

But what is that little speck I see way up yonder in the blue canopy of heaven? It seems millions of miles away, yet it is so radiant. It is coming closer and closer. What is it I hear? It is muttering like

the rushing of many waters. That speck is growing larger and larger. I hear whisperings and flutterings of many angelic wings. It sounds like the low moans of the winds in the far off mountain caves. But see! the light is coming nearer and nearer; now it sweeps like the lightening flash through all the dark canopy of heaven, it is so bright that the brightness of the sun is becoming extinguished; the moon, cold and pale sinks in the western wave; the stars hide themselves in the sky. Hark! I hear a deep low voice. It grows louder and louder until it burst forth with such volume of sound that it shakes the very foundations of all the earth. Ah! I know what it is. It is the voice of the great archangel's trumpet ushering in the awful scenes of the judgment. I hear the sweet voices of an angelic choir; it seems to come from a great distance. It is coming nearer and nearer. They are singing hosannas to their king. What is it I see? I see the graves open and the pale nations of the dead come forth, those that have been dead for centuries; all are assembling in one mighty throng before the great white throne. Now they are summoned into the great judge's awful presence, and the great books are opened, the scales are brought forth and judgment begins. Their good and evil deeds are weighed. I hear the great Judge say to some that are judged, did you feed that poor, hungry, little boy that came to your door? The great book says, no. Were you unkind to that dear old father and mother standing yonder? The book says, yes. Did you not have a chosen pew, all covered with plush in that great pompous church below, and how many of my poor children did you welcome in that pew? How many poor old people have you put away in the back seat or up in the gallery, because they were not stylish enough to sit up in front? How many orphans and widows have you fed and comforted? None, and the unkind words you have spoken. Verily you have your reward in that bottomless pit. So they are judged one by one. I see them divided, the good stand at his right hand while the evil ones pass to his left. Every action, every thought, every idle word, are unveiled, not one sin is hid, but all is brought forth. I look at those on the left and I see their sorrowful faces. I hear some of them say, oh, what opportunities I have neglected. How many unkind words I have spoken, but now it is too late to repent. Finally the last one is judged, every one knows his future destiny, the last great account is settled. But what is happening? I see the mountains begin to melt away, the world begins to rock and groan. I hear the wails and

shrieks of the doomed ones as they are cast down into that dark abyss. I look up to the heavens, I see the very planets on fire as they move in their awful splendor. Finally they melt and drop down into the terrible abyss without form. I stand on the verge of that dark gulf, where the doomed have been cast, and I listen. I hear wailing and gnashing of teeth, as it is borne from the very depths on the fiery flames. I hear hissing and groaning as the doomed drink of the liquid fire of everlasting torture, fed by God's incensed fury while he preserves their being and renders their powers of feeling most acutely sensible.

But let us leave this unpleasant scene, and see where the blest and redeemed have gone. I see them in a beautiful land; it is clothed with deep verdure, garlanded with beautiful roses and fadeless flowers, crystal rivers, sparkling fountains, and fields of living green—a gem of unfolding beauty. How happy they look. All is joy, peace and happiness. I see mothers there but there are no wrinkles on their brows. Why? Because there are no gambling halls there, no card tables, no saloons to ruin her boy or girl. Dear brothers, sisters and friends, if the judgment day should come to-morrow, and you were summoned before the great Judge, how would you stand? How would you stand? Think of these things now, for some day it will be too late; some day, this picture I have brought before you, will be a reality. "Prepare to meet your God."

NECESSARY GIRLISH QUALITIES.

Patience and gentleness are necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look? Truly "a soft answer turneth away wrath!" Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances; but the every-day trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for practicing that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial—and the better because not chosen by ourselves—are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us, to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion or disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor.